ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR THE

POWER OF MUSIC.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

As it will be performed at the

Aſſembly Rooms, in Newcaſtle,

On Monday the 5th of October, 1778.

Conducted by Mr HAWDON.

The Muſic compoſed by Mr. HANDEL.

NEWCASTLE: Printed in the Year

MDCCLXXVIII.

[Price SIX-PENCE.]

ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR THE

POWER OF MUSIC.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

As it will be performed at the

Assembly Rooms, in Newcastle,

Between the ACTS,

An Organ Concerto, by Signor RUSH.

Conducted by Mr HAWDON.

The Music compos'd by Mr. HANDEL.

NEWCASTLE: Printed in the Year

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ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

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POWER OF MUSIC.

ACT THE FIRST.

RECITATIVE.—Mr EVANCE.

'TWAS at the royal Feaſt, for Perſia won,
By Philip's warlike ſon:
Aloft, in awful ſtate,
The god-like hero ſate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roſes and with myrtles bound:
So ſhou'd deſert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais by his ſide,
Sate like a blooming eaſtern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

AIR.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerve the Fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair,
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerve the Fair.

RECITATIVE.—Mr EVANCE.

Timotheus plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling Notes aſcend the ſky:
And heavenly joys inſpire.

RECIT. accompanied.—Mrs HUDSON.

The ſong began from Jove,
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above;
(Such is the pow'r of mighty Love)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god;
Sublime, on radiant ſpires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd.
And while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt:
Then round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſov'reign of the world.

CHO-

CHORUS.

The liſt'ning crowd admire the lofty ſound,
A preſent Deity! they ſhout around:
A preſent Deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.

AIR.—Mrs HUDSON.

With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears;
Aſſumes the God,
Affects to nod:
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

RECITATIVE.—Mr EVANCE.

The Praiſe of Bacchus, then, the ſweet muſician ſung;
Of Bacchus, ever fair, and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums:
Fluſh'd with a purple grace,
He ſhews his honeſt face;
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes! he comes!

AIR.—Mr MERIDITH.

Bacchus, ever fair, and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain;
Bacchus' Bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure:
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure;
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' Bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure:
Rich the treaſure
Sweet the pleaſure;
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

RECITATIVE.—Mr. EVANCE.

Sooth'd with the ſound, the King grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he ſlew the ſlain:
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride.

RECIT. accompanied.—Mrs HUDSON.

He choſe a mournful muſe,
Soft pity to infuſe.

AIR.

He ſung Darius great and good,
By too ſevere a fate,
Fall'n from his high eſtate,
And welt'ring in his blood.

Deſerted at his utmoſt need,
By thoſe his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
Without a friend to cloſe his eyes.

RECITATIVE.

With downcaſt looks the joyleſs victor ſate,
Reſolving in his alter'd ſoul,
The various turns of chance below,
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole,
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Behold Darius great and good,
Fallen, welt'ring in his blood;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
Without a friend to cloſe his eyes.

RECITATIVE.—Mr EVANCE.

The mighty maſter ſmil'd to ſee
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred ſound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.

AIR.—Mrs HUDSON.

Softly ſweet, in Lydian meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.

AIR

AIR.—Miſs HARWOOD.

War, he ſung, is toil and trouble,
Honour, but an empty bubble:
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O Think it worth injoying;
Lovely Thais ſits beſide thee,
Take the good the Gods provide thee.
War, he ſung, is toil and trouble,
Honour, but an empty bubble,
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill and ſtill deſtroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying.

CHORUS.

The many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe;
So love was crown'd, but Muſic won the Cauſe.

AIR.—Maſter HAWDON.

The prince unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care;
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again.

At length, with love and wine at once oppreſt,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

The

The prince unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care;
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again.

CHORUS repeated.

The many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe;
So love was crown'd, but muſic won the cauſe.

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT the SECOND.

RECIT. accompanied.—Mr EVANCE.

NOW ſtrike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet—and yet a louder ſtrain;
Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
And rouſe him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

CHORUS.

Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
And rouſe him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

RECITATIVE.—Mr EVANCE.

Hark, hark!—the horid ſound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead:
And amaz'd he ſtares around.

AIR.—Mr MEREDITH.

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies ariſe,
See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair,
And the ſparks that flaſh from their eyes!

AIR.

Behold a ghaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Thoſe are Grecian ghoſts, that in battle were ſlain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain.

RECIT. accompanied.—Mr EVANCE.

Give the vengence due
To the valiant crew:
Behold how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hoſtile gods!

AIR.

The princes applaud with a furious joy:
And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to deſtroy.

AIR.—Mrs HUDSON.

Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey;
And like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHO-

CHORUS.

The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau with zeal to deſtroy.
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey;
And like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

RECIT. accompanied—Mr EVANCE.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to the breathing flute,
And ſounding lire,
Cou'd ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire.

GRAND CHORUS.

At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt from her ſacred ſtore
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.

RECITATIVE.—Mr MEREDITH and Mr EVANCE.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies,
She drew an angel down.

CHO-

CHORUS.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies,
She drew an angel down.

CHORUS.

Your voices tune, and raiſe them high,
Till they echo from the vaulted ſky
The bleſt Cecilia's name:
Muſic to heaven and her we owe,
The greateſt bleſſing that's below;
Sound loudly then her fame.

CHORUS.

Let's imitate her notes above;
And may this ev'ning ever prove
Sacred to harmony and love.

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